

Dear Susan and Tim,

I have just finished Exo Psychology. I'm stunned! Reading it so many blurred fragments of ideas, half formed notions floating around my brain were brought into focus. Eureka! I found myself nodding, yes, yes, That's where we've been. That's what's happening. So that's where we're going. It is such a profound book, a true new testament and guide. What can I say. I feel privileged to have read it.

Short of shouting from street corners, Alan and I have been spreading the news of Exo Psychology and have met with great interest. We've sent for some more copies for those who simply must read it. Those whose lives it will change.

Speaking of changing lives, we have some friends, a couple who dropped out of the establishment in the sixties, and became models of the counterculture. Well they were still firmly sixties bound, when they heard Tim's speech here. The change is amazing. Both have been putting in time with the Hensons, reading anything they can on space migration, paying attention to Alan's ideas, which I don't think they took seriously before. Mutation.

I certainly will never forget that wild, horrible, hilarious evening in Berkeley. Alan and I have found it in retrospect anyway a renewal. In all his worst imaginings, and believe me there were many in the days prior to the debacle, Alan never came close to the real nightmare. Nor did I, though when I found out (at the airport) Paul was in charge, my sense of approaching doom began, mushrooming through the hours so that when the time arrived, I wasn't surprised. (I love Paul but the last thing he should be doing is organizing a public affair.) I, of course, couldn't share this feeling with Alan, he had terrors enough of his own. Whatever, it was lovely being with you, meeting Susan. We will cherish the survival and the high.

Love,

Peggy